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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1918.

#### THE DOUGHBOY

"Some weeks ago I helped bury a young doughboy—just a boy of 18 or 19, a handsome, black haired little fellow. He fell with his face towards the Hun, one hand gripping the small of the stock of his Springfield. They knocked the life out of the little fellow, but they couldn't knock that smile off his face. He died with it

there.
"Such is the way they fight, and such is
the spirit in which they make the supreme
sacrifice, and give their all to the cause."
So writes a Coast Artilleryman—unconsciously phrasing as fine a tribute to the
Infantry's work in this war, and the spirit

in which that work was done, as ever the most gifted writer could pen.

#### STILL GOING STRONG

As every doughboy knows, the German army has thrown up the sponge and relaxed its hold upon the few remaining portions of France and Belgium that were in its

possession up to November 11.

As every sailor knows, the bulk of the German fleet, with its tail very badly down, has handed itself over to the Grand Fleet

of the Allies.

As we all know, the German Kaiser is Kaiser no longer, but a rather unwelcome visitor in a neutral country upon which, with his never-failing courtesy, he wished himself and his beloved son.

himself and his beloved son.

But Germany's best and strongest weapon of warfare has not been handed over. Her propaganda service, embracing many workers in all lands and climes, is, as before the armistice, indefatigably on the job. Even now we can hear its insidious voice whispering into the ears of good Americans such sentiments as, "Look out for Great Britain; she will cheart you at the peace table." she will cheat you at the peace table;"
"Look out for France; she will work the "Look out for France; she will work the sympathy plea on you and keep you paying high taxes for years;" "Look out for Japan, for she will stab you in the back while your Army is still in Europe."

The answer to all such nebulous insinuations consists in reporting, without delay, any man who spreads such poppycock among the ranks of the A.E.P.

among the ranks of the A.E.F.
Old Herr von Propaganda is still going
strong, and the only way we can stop him
is to squelch his loud-mouthed and know-itall assistants, and squelch them hard.

### EASING UP A BIT

"If profanity will help win the war, I'm for it," declared a noted American preacher in the thick of the cussword barrage about Château-Thierry last summer. Reinforced by that expert clerical opinion, all the doughboys within hearing proceeded to trace more accurately and vociferously than ever before the alleged ancestry of the ex-Kaiser.

They kept it up, to be exact, right

# THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Why is it that the average military band of the A.E.F. invariably leaves out a good two lines of "The Star Spangled Banner"? It goes straight from:

What so proudly we hailed at the tli-light's last beaming

to the higher notes of:

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

leaving out entirely the music that should

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous night O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.

In the words of the Apostle, "My brethren, these things ought not to be." The music for the second two lines, the ones just quoted above, is the same as that for the two opening ones. Surely, we should not allow our new-found passion for salvage and economy to lead us into clipping s

vital a product as the national anthem.

Three different bands, in three different Three different bands, in three different lolks wi places, have been noted as making this comission on three different occasions within through.

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by

slighting that great companion piece of the French hymn which is their own. Purists in music and literature may sneer and hint that there are better composed, and hint that there are better composed, more poetically worded national anthems than "The Star Spangled Banner." To them we reply that the fact remains that "The Star Spangled Banner." is the Army's own, and good enough for the Army to fight and die for, and that it is the only national anthem, recognized and approved, that we have. Since that is the case, it would seem that it is up to the Army to see to it that it is played correctly and fully by the Army's musicians. When that is done, the purists will have little to say. purists will have little to say.

#### THANKS, MR. CENSOR

It is no news to the censor that some of our number, in seasons past, have sninggled surreptitious letters back home, took a chance on putting in valuable information and getting it by in the rush, using codes whose clumsiness varied in degree, or in whose cambiness variet in degree, of in other ways putting something over on him. Also, some of our number got caught at it, and a whole lot of G.I. pots and pans are better scoured as a result.

better scoured as a result.

Those men who really got away with it—
who let the girl know that they were stationed at Romorantin, and not at Bordeaux,
as she suspected, or that the raid in which
they captured 20 Germans took place north
of Toul, and not in Alsace—baven't much

of Toul, and not in Alsace—haven't much left to tell, now that the censorship lid has blown off with a bang and released the whole imprisoned geography of France.

Those men who obeyed the law to the best of their belief will now reap their reward. They really have something to write about. When they sailed, how they sailed, how long it took, where they have been in France, what they have seen, what they have done—all this can now be laid before the folks as an open book. The title of the folks as an open book. The title of that book will be "The War as I Saw It," and it will have a circulation of something like two million copies.

Thanks, Mr. Censor.

#### THE UNUNIFORMISTS

THE UNUNIFORMISTS
Uniform means just that—all alke. It doesn't mean, for instance, in an army, that one man shall wear what pleases him and the next what pleases him. It means that both men shall dress regulation. It does not allow for gewgaws on the hat or chest, or for roll collars, or for bellows pockets.
There are a good many Ununiformists in the A.E.F., people who "want to be different." We have already printed an order to aviators from their chief telling them, in about so many words, to can the comedy stuff. They did. Oceasionally you will

m about so many words, to can the coincay staff. They did. Oceasionally you will still see an officer, however—by no means always an aviator—who has cultivated that different look. You can't miss seeing him, because that is the whole idea—to catch the ore

the eye.

But it isn't altogether an officerial problem. The ranks are full of Ununiformists. lem. The ranks are full of Ununformists. This does not mean one hundred per cent full, because if everybody dressed contrary to regulation, and its that contrariness were all of a kind, you would simply have another kind of uniformity.

The man who goes up and down through the Army looking like a second-hand jewel chest or a misappropriated tailor's dummy is the same person who, sometime previous to April 6, 1917, used to parade up and down past Washburn's Drug Store with his trousers at high tide so that he could show one black and one white seek.

#### THE LAST TO LEAVE

They kept it up, to be exact, right through the forenoon of the 11th of November in this year of grace. And the chaplains who overheard them simply smiled benignantly—when they did not join in themselves.

But the war may now safely be declared won. It will be the job of the historians of the future to decide what part the concentrated cussing of the 22 Allied nations played in the winning of it. It is our job, now, to take a little thought of preparing ourselves for our more or less distant return to English-speaking civilization.

Whatever else may be said of it, no one can ever call THE STARS AND STRIPES and ders to think of Dad being affectionately addressed as "You — old — !" by his beloved son home from the war. Or of the dire consequences if Little Brother should attempt to repeat lispingly his Hero's animadversions on the subject of Army slum.

What do you say that we all—including the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES — try to ease up a bit? How about cutting down our profanity output at the rate of one damn a day?

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

## THE "RACE TO BERLIN"

Instead of going to town and celebrating with the civilian population on the day the armistice was signed, the Stevedores work-ing in the neighborhood of Bordeaux stayed on their jobs and unloaded 10,642 tons of freight, a record for the port. Considering that the daily average for their port during September and October was only 0,131 tons, it can be seen at once what a burst of speed that record implied.

that record implied.

There is not, of course, as much romance in the job of shooting supplies up to a more or less passive Army of Occupation as there is in speeding it out red hot to an active, combatant Army. But, fight or no fight, those Stevedores down in the S.O.S. instinctively knew that their brethren up in front were still dependent upon them, and would be so until the conclusion of their triumphant march to the Rhine, and after. So they heaved away and sped the loaded cars out with a vim.

cars out with a vim.

When the S.O.S. collectively goes back to the States, it can rest assured that its home folks will know of its work and slap it heartily on the back for putting that work

## The Army's Poets

#### WE HAVE WON

Prom the waters of the Channel to the far Swiss frontier pass.

For three hundred miles of battle, wire and mud. From the flaming front of Belgium to the lines that niche Alsace
With the lease that gives us tenure writ in blood: From a Mons, rewon and righted, from Sedan. revenged for aye.

To the bulwark of the centuries, Verdun, Falls a sweet and stranger silence and the red We have won, we have won!

We have won, we have won, we have won!

by the martyrdom of mothers and the children
that they bore.

Hy the skeleton of Louvain and its kin.

Hy the prisoners of Vimy where their charnel
corridor
Told the hale we owe the butchers of Berlin:
Hy the lives we put behind us, by the memories
we keep
of the ring we have marched with us whose, race
is the ring who marched with us whose, race
the ring who marched rosses where their
ranks are still in sleep.

We have won, we have won!

We have won, we have won, we have won!

So we quit the hattered trenches, so we leave the stricken field,

And the ancient load is lifted as we move,

And the fings whome wake we followed, that have to be succeed to be succeed

#### THE WARD AT NIGHT

THE WARD AT MAGAZ.
The rows of beds,
Each even spaced,
The blanket lying dark against the sheet,
The beavy breathing of the sick,
The fevered voices
Telling of the battle
At the front,
Of Home and Mother.

A quick, light step,
A white-capped figure
Silhouetted by the lantern's flame,
A needle, bearing sleep
And sweet forgetfulness.
A monu-

## PASSING THE BUCK

And Major Heeds he thinks it o'er, And thinks it o'er and o'er some more And he can't make it out at all, So Captain Jones, he takes a fall.

The Captain shoves his belinet back, and puts his brains all on the rack; tut "D—n" is all that can be said,
And then it's up to First Loot. Head.

O' course, he "knows," but hasn't time-The work they shove on him's a crime: This, and then lots more to boot, So on it goes to the Second Loot.

Now Licutenant Young is just a kid, A haby mouth by an evebrow hid; A job like that would knock him cold, He hands it down to Top-soak Gold.

The Top-soak, 'course, is swamped with it never was his plan to shirk, Sut Sergeant Reed, he's just the man, He'll sure do it if any can.

This biz of overworkin's rot; the gives the Corp'rul loads of gas, And so that duffer takes a pass. But Corp'ral don't know what to do, They're only built for bossing, too: So Corp'ral Jenks, he says he's stuck, And hands it on to a common buck,

And when the job is finished right, And all the things are clear as light, Why, then, it's found by all the Fates, The job was done by Private Bates.

An' il's passin' the buck,
An' a-passin' the buck,
An' a-passin' the buck,
An' a-passin' the buck along,
An' on with the buck
With the best o' luck,
An' I hope you come out wrong.
Nousan E. Nygaard, Spt., 313 Sh. Tr.

## A BATTLE PRAYER

Alone upon a hill I stand O'erlooking trench and No Man's Land; In night's black skies, like Northern Lights, Pake flashes rise to mark the heights Where Death's dark angels bear away The souls of men who die today.

Jesus of Nazareth, from Thy cross Look down and comfort those who to And seesan in pain and angulsh dread in No Man's Land among the dead, Have pity for the wounds they bear, Jesus of Nazareth, hear my prayer.

On Colvary, as the hours dragged, From cruel nails Thy hody sagged, Vet in that agony, O Lord, Thou didst give blessed comfort tward One suffering soul who with Thee died: He who for sin was crueified.

Out there lie men who die for right— O Christ, he merciful tonight; Wilt Thou who stilled the troubled sens Stretch forth Thy hand their pain to ease, Thy sons whose feet so bravely trod Earth's battlefields, O Son of God? BRANNEW TAYLOR, Major, U.S.A

## DOWN ON THE FARM

DOWN ON THE FAM.

(Dedicated to the Ohio Dougle
By S. SPARKS.

I've been wonderin and a-thinkin'
Of the time when I get back.
When I throw away my rifle
And I sling aside my pack;
To fersit about the drillin',
'Rout the war and gas alarm,
And to start agin a-livin'
Peaceful-like, down on the farm.

Jined the army 'long last April.
Volunteered, and went along:
Spent the summer months squad-rig
And I'll say it weren't no song,
Jist a-drillin',
Seemed to heat the gosh-all darn.
Till sometimes I was lamentin'
That I left the dear old farm.

'Tweren't long, though, till we crossed over, Took our places in the fray—17d forçot about the homestead Until jist the other day When they called the blame thing over—Right then came Dame Nature's charm, Jist a sort o' bankerin' feelin'.

For the life down on the farm.

So I find myself a-wishin'
For the smell of new mown bay,
For a tramp down through the meadow,
Jist to live where you feel free-like,
And where evidence of harm
Ilas been swallered up in gladness,
Feaceful-like, down on the farm.

# THE ARMY NURSE

Who moved about like fairies, To cool some fevered brow, But alas! for my boyhood visions, A real nurse is different now.

There isn't a nurse for each hero, All steeped in German gore; But ere the day's work is finished She has cared for a score or more.

She comes with a cheery "Good morning," Then a word to the fellow who's blue; And, really now, it's amazing What her pleasant smile will do. But gone are my boyhood visions. For they are no longer of worth; But through sunshine and stormy Here's the health of the Army Nurse (Written after spending three monthiferent hospitals.)



SAY, KING, WOULD YOU MIND GIVIN' ME & LIGHT F.



IT'S HELL GOING UP-The wind wat store BUT ON BOY! COMMIS DOKA!! THOSE MOUNTAIN BIKE, TRIPS (A)

#### NOT A SINGLE ONE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Some day when you are looking for space filters, and you are hard up, you might want to slip this cootie ode and essay it; perhaps you have had enough of that sort, of stuff— anyhow, I'll take a chance.

anyhow, I'll take a chance.

UP THE LINE, OCTOBER 27.
We have slept in barns and barracks,
In the mud and in the rain:
We have slept in broken buildings.
Everywhere—in each campaign;
We have bunked with cooties rainpant,
We have slept on lousy straw;
And we've slept where shells have whistied
In dugouts—but, oh, pshaw!
Well, we have bit a new place In digouts—but, oh, pshaw!
Well, we have hit a new place,
Since we've wiggled up the flnc;
We are skeeping in a hen-house,
And, say, the sleepin's fine!
That is, we sleep when all is quiet
And shells aren't overhead;
Be it known, we'll nap or slumber
When the cooties aren't in ted.

And shells aren't overhead;

Re it known, we'll nap or slumber
When the cooties aren't in bed.

For, no matter where you travel,
And no matter where you travel,
And no matter where you roam;
The doughboy's got a partner—
There's a cootie in his home.

Barns, barracks, broken building—all these are billets; but there is only one cootie.

We know; we've seen them all. We have slept in barns where the perfume of the sweet fields of Normandy was only a memory—and a faraway one. We have been billeted in barracks that were mere camouflage on the face of the earth—great, gaunt holes allowed the moonlight (and the rain) to filler through. And on broken buildings the doughboys have made a specialty in plaster, mud and debris; they have found a resting place; weary backs have found a haven on cement floors.

Then into dugouts, mere holes in the ground, the youngster who was "going up the line," was thankful to crawl, to escape stray pieces of shraphel when Fritzie's artillery let go and sent shell after shell into nowhere. The average tin-helmeted Yank has squirmed, crawled and wriggled in these rabbit holes, perhaps some straw, brought from goodness-knows-where, providing the original American mattress, French-made. In all these bunks and billets he has found the cootle—if he hasn't made his acquaint-nace; then it is a safe bet he was never up the line.

There is only one cootie, to be sure—but the statement is general. There's a cootie everywhere, not the same identical cootie, but belonging to the same family—and families grow over night; hence the sufficiency of supply and the impossibility of extermination.

of supply and the impossibility of extermination.

Along the hillsides of the Marne, in the valley of the Vesle, in the fastnesses of the Argonne-where our boys have met the Hun—there the coolie has kept him company. You may not think that is true; but the coolies who are with the doughboys are game, courageous and true; they'll stick to a man under shellfire—and they'll keep him in motion when he longs for sleep.

Machine gunners, who know how to sweep the enemy's front with their ratiatatta machines, have yet to learn the law of separation—for neither Hun, shrapnel nor changing weather conditions can subdue the same old cootie. He is there to the last.

The cootie is not an optical illusion; there is one coofie, but the one applies in name only. There are some millions of cooties in France; how many are with the A.E.F. the censor will not permit being known, and doughboys are having a hard time find-out out. One Yank who has been up the line and who saw plenty of the fireworks very soberly wrote home:

"I have not seen a single coole in France."

He was right. For he added:

"They are all married and have large families."

Jimmy Murkin, Hq. Co. 112th Inf.

JIMMY MURRIN, Hq. Co., 112th Inf.

#### TEN COMMANDMENTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIFES:
Today marks another milestone in my life
and military service, and, as a privilege given
me, I am sending to my son in the States,
who, after two years' hard service in the
reactive his reward at an officers' training
school, a copy of the ten commandments of
a young or any officer of the American E.
F. Other fathers have sons of whom they
are equally proud. It has been my sorrowful duty to send some back because "they
walked in the shadow of a tinned can." If
you think these commandments worthy of
publication, you may use them, for if they

you think these commandments worthy of publication, you may use them, for if they cause only one to see the pitfalls in his path, I shall be proud.

I am a Georgian born of many generations, but an American first. I know no sectional lines, and am proud to be in the ranks of the Yanks in France.

TO MY SON

But dedicated alike to the young officers of the A.B.F., North, South, East or West. The Ten Commandments of an American Soldier. Thou shalt honor thy country, thy flag and thy President with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy Commander-Inchier next unto them. This is the first and great commandment, and none other is like unto it. u. I shalt honor and give diligent heed to the ands of thy superior officers, be they whom

Thou shalt honor and give diligent heed to the commands of this superior officers, be they whom they may, that thy days may be long in the service of thy country, and thy nights bring peace of mind, for such is the law.

Thou shalt guard thy character as thou dost thy life, for it were better far that thou shouldst lay down the latter than that thou shouldst permit the former to be besmirched; for such is the creed of the men.

Thou shalt make the purity of thy mother the viscal day of that thou dost accord to every woman of all the nations of the earth, for so mayest thou avoid eveil temptation and save thyself from those who seek to do thee harm beyond

repair and beyond the skill of the leach of any land: for such is the wisdom learned by the men. Thou shall not look upon the wine when it is frage in rain-soaked France hath a lick like unto the ostrich bird, and he wine dailyot therewith walketh in the shadow of a tinned can. Such has proved true to many of the men. Thou shalt let thy raiment be as costly as thy burse permits and thy ration as ample as thou mayest procure, but guard thee well against useless prodigality and shun thou the association of debt as thou woulds that of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince or the devil. Heed the words of prince, and he wise, youing soldier. Or the control of the control

# FROM A FRIEND

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES At the moment when the terrible siaughter has come to an end, thanks to the devoted aid of great America, permit a simple French woman to express her gratitude and admiration for the country which has saved us. I know with what sublime abnegation, with what disregard of danger, those brave children delivered us from the Boche at the time when they were so near Paris. One of my nephews told me about it. He said: "There were ten thousand Americans who fought like were ten thousand.

when they were so near Paris. One of my nephews told me about it. He said: "Thore were ten thousand Americans who fought like lions. They made a rampart for us that stopped the Boche reaching Paris."

And, also, when I see all that you are doing for us, all the orphans you are adopting, for which you got no thanks from the French Government; when I see the merchants who, because you are Americans, charge you three times the value of things, and even food, without any thought of the self-imposed sacrifices you are making with open heart for us, you may be sure that there are times when a true Frenchman is ashamed to be one. What must you think? I am speaking to you as a person who has suffered greatly mentally and spiritually from the war and who will suffer after it.

Before leaving France, please remember that there are French people who esteem and admire you, and who will never forget what you have done for their native land.

I visit the cemetery every week to greet those who have fallen so valiantly in defending us, and I am really grieved not to be able to strew all their graves with flowers.

Pardon me for writing this; I am but expressing all my feelings.

VEUVE A. JALE.

# GOING HOME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Who's going home first?

I have talked with about 25 Yanks in the last few days; they were in various branches of the service—doughboys, tankers, S.O.S., mule-skinners. Their universal opinion was that the AEF, should give the old-timers the first gelaway. First over, first home—that was their idea. That is the only fair method, don't you think so?

While I have been only six months overseas, I am perfectly willing to wait my turn to go home. Let those of the gang who came over last summer and who spent a cold, wet, muddy winter in France—I say, let those units first pack up their toothbrushes, Auto-Strops, Freuch dictionaries and Helnie souvenirs and trek back to God's country.

Ever since we got into this man's Army we have lined up. We've got in line for chow and for pay, and for a chance to hear the Agony Four entertain at the Y hut. Let's get in line now—for the real Blighty.

First over—first home!

# COMPENSATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Tould you please inform us if provision is made in the War Risk Insurance act for the loss of one eye, or if other compensation is paid by the Government for such injury? And if so, how much it is?

THE ONE-EYED SQUAD.

[Par. 44, of War Risk Circular states: "Compensation for partial disability is pay able only during the period of such partia disability, and is based on the degree of reduction in carning capacity resulting from such disability. The determination of the amounts to be paid is dependent upon a schedule to be prepared by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance." No such schedule has yet been issued.—Editor.]

## REFERRED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It is requested that information as to whether or not General Atterbury intends to run a special between Paris and Berlin, now that the way is clear, be furnished.

DOUGLAS G. ALDEN,

1st Lieut., Ord.

### ON TO PARIS!

Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: An indescribable feeling is being experienced by every soldier in the A.E.F. today. Perhaps it is subconsciousness in most cases, but nevertheless that strange unrest is there. Primarily it is the realization that the homeward journey is an actuality and not the misty dream we have heretofore regarded it when we had the time to think of such things.

the homeward journey is an actuality and not the misty dream we have heretofore regarded it when we had the time to think of such things.

The great strain is over and our goal has been attained. This fact does not for a moment mean that the boys are going to lose the vim and spirit by which they are distinguished from the majority of other troops, but it is obvious that a physical impossibility exists in shipping us all home without delay, now that the armistice terms with the new German Republic are about to be complied with. There remains a period of time that cannot be gauged accurately and it is only human to deduce that a reasonable amount of latitude will be given the United States troops during the interim between the present date and the day (bit happy vision) they march up the gangplank to the homeward-bound transport.

Every fellow that has landed in France has at one time or another, had a real desire to see Faris. Of course, with a fair-sized war under way, this visit would have been more or less impractical to all except a few fortunate ones compelled (!) to proceed there on official business and the lucky units stationed near that capital.

The big guns have stopped now, but the wish to see Paris hasn't vanished, you can tell the world! Here is the opportunity for some kind-hearted soul at GH. Q. to satisfy that ambition and go down into fame with a shiny halo around his head. Let every American soldier in France be granted a leave of from three days to one week in the Big City over here, providing it does not interfere with military necessities, and also providing that not more than, say, 50,000 per week he allowed the pass.

New York City swallows up a floating population daily of a quarter million souls and never feels it; in fact, the rents on the Great White Way depend upon them. It is true that Paris is a far cry from New York, but the basic principles of this idea can be accomplished if the right man in the right place wants to adopt it. And to reach that man, the spotlight of A.E.F. publi

## hereby utilized. JACK DESBECKER, Sgt., 501st Engrs. "SAG" FOR COOTIES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Your edition of November 8 stated that in anti-cootic shirt was being transported verseas to the doughboys in the front line

overseas to the doughboys in the front line trenches.

In order that we may be the means of saving the Government money, I wish to state that we have the best preparation on the market today for the extermination of cooties. We absolutely guarantee that our preparation will exterminate the undesirable pest upon one application.

This preparation, the so-called "Sag" paste, may be obtained by sending a formal requisition to the nearest Gas officer.

Our discovery of this cure was made by application of the paste for its original purpose, to prevent burns from mustard gas, and much to our surprise we found that "Sag" not only prevented burns but killed cooties at the same time, thus doing double, the amount of work it was intended for.

## AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your issue of November 15 you speak of the engagement, among others, of the 81st Division as being one of the severest condicts of the last day of the battle. I quite agree with your statement.

The 81st was the last division on the right of the First Army. It went into action at 8 a.m., November 9, between the Verdun-Etain road and the Manheulles-Pintheville road. The last day of the battle, just as the armistice went into effect, companies of the 321st Infantry were halfway through the wire, only a few yards in front of trench de la Girafe. This was manned by the 3rd Grenadier Regiment of the 5th Guard Division and the entire regiment, consisting of six companies of the more part of the six companies of the six sion and the entire regiment, consisting of six companies of 40 mon each, was in the trench. The division had no reserves whatever and in a very few minutes the 321st Infantry would have taken the trench, and then would have had absolutely no troops except unprotected artillery between it and Germany.

P. S. VAN CISE,

Major, Inf., A. C. of S., G-2.

#### MISSING MAIL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: What becomes of wounded soldiers' mail? I have been in the hospital since July 15, and have received no mail. Fully 90 per cent of the wounded patients in the ward have the same complaint. We want to hear from home now more than ever. I have written to the Central Records Office and to the company without results. Please publish this letter, and perhaps it will bring results. Also give any information that may help resurrect mail which I know is somewhere in France.

Corp. C. J. Hannon.

Corp. C. J. HANNON.

[The Postal Express Service informs us that all unclaimed mail is sent to the Central Records Office, A. P. O. 902. We would advise you to write that office again, requesting that your mail be forwarded to you.—Editor.]